

Innocence by rosalina2124

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Summary:

When things get out of hand at Mikes house one night will the party be there for him when he needs them?????I guess you really did it this time

Left yourself in your warpath

Lost your balance on a tightrope

Lost your mind tryin' to get it back

Wasn't it easier in your lunchbox days?

Always a bigger bed to crawl into

Wasn't it beautiful when you believed in everything?

And everybody believed in you?

It's alright, just wait and see

Your string of lights is still bright to me

Oh, who you are is not where you've been

You're still an innocent

You're still an innocent

Did some things you can't speak of

But at night you'll live it all again

You wouldn't be shattered on the floor now

If only you had seen what you know now then

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Warning mentions of abuse.

Chapter one

The feeling of a cool hand carding through my hair causes me to stir as I realize it's just Mom and I relax,she finally made it home. It's been a hell of a night tonight,Mike's with me,things got a little out of hand at his house tonight,and he came here because it was a place that he felt safe. His parents really got into it tonight,and he got hit,which was enough to make him run,which I don't blame him,he called code red on the radio after he got out,letting us know it was an emergency. I called Mom right away after that,after he let me know that he was heading my way,and I let her know what was going on. She told me she'd be home as soon as she could get here,and that she would call Hop for a welfare check,and to have him check in on us. I hung up with her,and I started getting stuff around for him,the first aid kit,a change of clothes,and a clean towel. Before I know it he showed up,knocking on the door,and I opened it,and he was a wreck. He was barely holding it together,I hugged him,and he broke down.

Once I got him calmed down,I had him go take a shower,to warm up,which he did,then he came back into the kitchen. I took care of the cut on his cheek,and put a ice pack on the bruise,he wasn't happy about that but he tolerated it. Then Hop came over,checked in on us,talked to him a little bit,about what happened,and where his parents were at. They went their separate ways for the night,to hopefully calm down,they were both fairly drunk,which made matters worse I think. It was hard but we got through it,I stayed with him the whole time,like he would've done with me,then It was bedtime.

We went to bed about 10,he got in bed with me,and he's been pressed against my side sleeping ever since. I left the lamp on,for his sake,and for Mom's when she made it home. "Easy baby,how are you guys holding up Will"she asks as I see her glance at him,looking him over. "We're alright Mom,he's not hurt too bad,I iced the bruise on his cheek earlier and cleaned the cut"I murmur as I feel her sit on the

edge of the bed, and I see her card a hand through his hair as he stirs a little bit. "Shh Mike honey, you did the right thing baby, I'm sorry I couldn't get here sooner" she murmurs, soothing him, and responding to me at the same time. "It's alright Mom, Hop came and checked in on us earlier, talked to him about what happened, it was hard, he was trembling" I murmur as I feel him roll over, trying to get comfortable. "I know baby, tonight was a lot, did Hop tell you guys what happened with his parents" she asks softly placing a cool hand on my cheek, then turning and doing the same thing to him. "Y-yeah, he said that they were both drunk, and that he separated them for the night, until things calm down" he murmurs, finally speaking for the first time. "OK honey, I know it's hard, we'll get through this, your safe here I promise, I'll call your sister in the morning alright, let her know what's going on, now you guys should try and get some sleep alright" she murmurs softly kissing me on the forehead, then doing the same for him.

Then she gets up and shuts the light off, and she leaves, leaving the door partially open just in case we need her. I feel him shift again, and he's back to being laid against me, skin warm. Right when I think he's asleep he pipes up again, scared. "I'm scared Willie, I'm not sure things are ever going to be the same now at home" he murmurs softly as I find myself grabbing his hand lightly under the covers. "I know Mikey, it'll work out somehow, your safe here is what I know, we won't let anything happen" I murmur as I feel him relax, worn out from everything that happened tonight. Before I know it he's passed out asleep, for good this time I hope. I lay in the quiet for awhile, trying to get asleep, but worried about him, I hear the front door open at some point, Jonathan is finally home from work, meaning it's at least midnight, if not later.

Before i know it I'm falling asleep, the last thoughts on my mind being if he'll be alright, what will happen at home, and what the fall out will be from everything that happened tonight.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter two

The feeling of someone next to me shifting positions wakes me up as I realize it's just Mike and I relax. He's more or less pressed against me, but he's facing the other wall now, back pressed against mine. It's finally morning, we've made it through the night, without nightmares, and hardly any awakenings, which is good. I look at the clock, it's 8, meaning mom has let us all sleep in, we all deserve it, especially after last night. I hear the walkie talkie kick on, static bringing it to life, and I scramble to get it, to keep from waking him up. I grab it, and a voice comes through, Dustin, I know he's checking in, seeing what's going on after last night, we talked before we went to bed, so he knew what was going on and could tell the others. "Will come in, I just wanted to check in on you guys, see how you're holding up" I hear him say as I bring it over to the bed and lay back down under the covers. "We're doing alright, I just woke up, he's still asleep, or he was" I murmur as I feel him shift to face me, sleepy brown eyes, meeting mine.

"Who are you talking to Willie" he asks sleepily, still a little bit out of it, half awake. "It's just Dustin, he's just checking in, did you sleep alright" I murmur squeezing his hand lightly. "Yeah I did" he murmurs as I hear the static again, meaning he's coming back in. "I'm glad you guys are hanging in there alright, we'll try to come over after breakfast to see you guys" he says. "Ok, we'll be here" I say as I move to place the radio on the night stand for the moment. "You doing alright Mikey" I murmur as I trace circles into his palm lightly, "I think so Willie, I'm just scared, I don't want to face them today, Mom I can handle, but I just don't know about dad, it went too far last night, what if it happens again" he murmurs softly looking down at the quilt, ashamed to be admitting his fear, but his fear is understandable, I've been there, and it's hard. "I get it Mikey, it's hard, I know though that Hop will do the best he can to protect you, and we'll do the same I promise" I murmur softly as he nods. We lay in quiet for awhile, then I see the door open, Mom, I know she's just checking in, and it's probably time to get up. "Hey guys, it's time to get up alright, breakfast is ready, and then we'll have to go meet Hop at the station" she murmurs coming over to us, sitting on the edge of

the bed. "Why do we have to meet Hop at the station"he murmurs quietly,scared,understandably so. "He just needs to talk to you honey,I promise that's it,and your Mom might be there,but we'll deal with that when we get to that alright"she murmurs softly carding a hand through his hair,like she does with me,and Jonathan,to comfort. "OK I trust you"he murmurs softly as I squeeze his hand,and she leaves to let us get dressed. I get up first,then he follows,and we get dressed. The bruise on his cheek has gotten darker,almost black, and the bandage is still there,blood standing out against the stark white of the gauze.

We get dressed,and I find myself trying to touch the bruise to see how bad it is,he flinches at this,too many bad experiences which I get. "Easy Mikey,I'm just seeing how bad it is,I'm not going to hurt you"I murmur as he lets me touch,feeling it. We then head down the hall,and Mom's waiting for us,Jonathan is already gone,back to work. We sit at the table,and she sits plates in front of us,eggs,toast,and bacon. He manages to eat somewhat,I think he's nervous about having to see his Mom,after everything last night,I understand somewhat why he's scared. We finish up,and Mom takes the plates away,then it's time to finish getting ready.

I change the bandage on his cheek,it's not bleeding anymore,which means it's not deep,he told me last night it was from his Dad's ring,after he hit him. After I finish he rests against me for a minute,I let him do so,knowing he needs the contact,the comfort. Then it's time to go,for better or for worse. I help him get his shoes on,then he stands by himself,tiredly,and I grab his hand,to comfort,support him however he needs it. We make our way to the front door,and we grab our jackets,putting them on,as Mom grabs her purse. Then we go out to the car,and we get inside,I sit up front,and he sits in back. Mom gets in,then we take off towards town. We sit in quiet,I know he's nervous,not sure what to say once he's in that room,and there's not a lot I can do to reassure him,other than to just be with him,support him. I reach back at one point and I squeeze his hand,to sort of let him know,I'm here,and he squeezes back.

Before I know it we're at the sherriif's station,and it's time to go in,as much as he doesn't want to. "It's time to go in sweetie,we'll be with you I promise"she says as he nods,I know he's about ready as he'll

ever be to get this over with. We get out, and we start to make our way inside, he walks between us, mom's hand in his, I grab his other hand. Once inside we go to the desk, and Mom does the talking, and the secretary has us go sit in the waiting area, while she goes to get Hop. We go sit down, and wait for a bit, he lays his head on my shoulder, then Hop comes out to get him. He comes over and crouches down on his level for a minute. "Hey kiddo, let's go back alright" he says placing a cool rough hand on his shoulder as he timidly looks up at him. "Is my mom back there" he asks softly, I know how much he doesn't want to face her, but I know he needs to. "Not yet kid, we're going to talk without her first, she'll be here in a bit, I'll be with you alright" he says as he nods, and lets him help him up. They head back behind double doors, and now all there's left to do is wait, and hope everything gets taken care of.